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Table of Contents

	PAGE
The Magazine in America— <i>Mary Eleanor Goss</i> -----	4
Editorial— <i>Kathleen Hollingsworth</i> -----	6
Ye Pioneers— <i>Elsie Parker</i> -----	6
Travelers— <i>Helen Blake Rosser</i> -----	9
Sketch— <i>Agnes Bingham</i> -----	11
Myself and I— <i>Kathleen Hollingsworth</i> -----	11
Heartbreak— <i>Mary Sanders Brookes</i> -----	12
April— <i>Kathleen Hollingsworth</i> -----	12
The Lowrie Band— <i>Cornelia McLauchlin</i> -----	12

The Magazine in America

o o o

MARY ELEANOR GOSS

o o o

THE modern magazine may be said to have had its beginning in 1731 when Cave, a young London book-seller, brought out the *Gentleman's Magazine*. There had been and were afterwards in England and then on the Continent and in America a great many periodicals of the type of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. These, however, were not magazines, because they consisted usually of a single essay each, while a magazine, as the name shows, was a gathering up of matters of interest into a collection.

Ten years later, in January, 1741, three days apart, and in the small city of Philadelphia, were published the first two magazines of this country. I think it is interesting to know that the great career of the magazine of America began with a row between the authors of the first two publications, namely, Andrew Bradford and Benjamin Franklin.

The appearance of these magazines had been preceded by announcements in the newspapers and both Franklin and Bradford accused the other of having used their position of post-master to foster their private ends. Franklin claimed that the idea and the plans of the magazine had been stolen from him, but Bradford insisted that he had a right to publish his magazine. As a result, only three numbers appeared of Bradford's *American*, or *A Monthly View*, and only six numbers of Franklin's *The General Magazine* or *The Historical Chronicle*. Franklin, in his first number ridiculed his competitors, but he seems not to have been proud of his own, as no mention of it occurs in his autobiography.

Between this and the end of the century there were at least forty-five magazines started. Besides those written for a general public, they included a musical magazine, a military, a German religious and a children's magazine. Thus the scarcely settled new states were becoming over-developed. Jeremy Belknap wrote that the continual failure of new magazines was mostly due to the too frequent publication of them. He said in his article that the Americans tried to imitate their "European Brethren" in their monthly publications without considering the difference in their circumstances.

From the very first, editors have been aware of the need for variety in their magazines. At one time the following advertisement was used for the *New England Magazine*, 1758, price eight pence a number of sixty pages:

"CONTAINING AND TO CONTAIN

Old fashioned writings and select essays,
Queer Notions, Useful Hints, Extracts from Plays;
Relations wonderful, and Psalm and Song,
Good sense, Wit, Humor, Morals, all ding dong;
Poems and Speeches, Politics and News.
What some will like and other some refuse;
Births, Deaths, and Dreams and Apparitions, too;
With some Think suited to each different Gou.
To Humor Him, and Her, and Me, and You."

This gives an idea of the contents of the early magazine, which, when you consider the very heavy material offered in the books and pamphlets of the day, must have offered much delightful recreation. The most popular magazines avoided political and religious controversies, and leaned toward the lighter essays and poetry. The idea of using poetry as a filler-up between more solid prose had not yet been evolved, so pages were given over to the different phases of poetry, especially that which was curious and entertaining.

All editors realized also that to make their magazine attractive they must have a certain number of elegant copper plates. The first volume of the *Boston Magazine* contained twenty-seven illustrations which meant two engravings and a piece of music to each number. This idea of colored illustrations in the magazines made America take a huge step ahead of the European countries in the publishing of magazines. *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *St. Nicholas*, *McClure's*, *Munsey*, and the *Century*, carried the art of illustration first by wood engraving and then by process work, to a point unattained in Britain except in such special publications as the *Art Journal* (1849) and the *Magazine of Art* (1898). In this way, the early magazine really helped to popularize art, as well as literature.

And so the magazine of America grew from the early periodicals of English origin to the attractive magazine of modern times. At first the type was so small that the magazines were difficult to read—but the editor had a true aim—to benefit mankind, not to achieve literary fame. Magazines have now become so numerous as to defy any account of them beyond mere classified enumeration. There are nearly two thousand titles of magazines which have perished, so to speak, of "starvation." Many youthful writers have tried and failed, but even these have benefited the cause of American literature and have helped to broaden and enrich Amer-

ican life. They have contributed to the growth of human sympathy and companionship, and have helped the American man, woman and child to live wiser and happier lives.

We rarely, if ever, stop to think what a record the American magazine literature has presented to the twentieth century. In literature, the book and not the magazine is supreme, but the first encouragement of the greatest writers has come from the magazine ever since the time of Poe; and the magazine has really participated in as much glory as literature has shown. We are, it is true, unable to realize the material debt of American literature to the magazine.

"It is only with the modern development of the newspaper and the magazine," says the House of Harper, "that authorship may be said to have become a lucrative profession."

Mr. Dana Estes, who, in 1886 was head of a popular publishing house, said that "Were it not for that one saving opportunity of the great American magazines which are now the leading ones of the world and which have an international reputation and circulation, American authorship would be at a still lower ebb than at present."

Mr. L. Frank Tooker, who for many years was connected with the editorial staff of *The Century*, said, in reviewing the past of that magazine: "In the past ten years there have come forth from that new pioneer region, the East Side of New York, more genuine literary sincerity and dramatic integrity than the first hundred years of American magazine writers gave to the world." In beginning his article, Mr. Tooker paid his compliments to the *Atlantic* and *Harper's*. He said that gradually the two magazines worked themselves to the front. Each was typical of the community it represented—Boston, which received intellectual materials from New York and Europe; and New York, "whose indwelling spirit was wholly of the material world." But *Harper's* was widely read and *The Atlantic* was not. Probably the most important reason for this was, as I have mentioned before, the desire of subscribers for illustrations. Despite the fact that the *Atlantic* printed valuable works of Godey, the greater multitude preferred the many pages of cruder symbols and pictures. Therefore *Harper's* progressed, while the *Atlantic* became known as a typical Bostonian magazine of superior intelligence and culture.

It was at this time in the history of the magazine that *The Century* first appeared under its first name, *The Scribner's Monthly*, in November, 1870, under the editorship of Dr. J. G. Holland. This new magazine

appeared unusually interesting from the very start because of its larger and better type and its more frequent illustrations. It opened with an illustrated seventeen-page poem called "Jeremy Train—His Drive," written, it is believed, by the editor himself. Although his name was not mentioned in the table of contents, the readers recognized Dr. Holland's flowing narrative style. An illustrated article on "The Bottom of The Sea" followed and this was succeeded by another illustrated contribution entitled "A Day With Dr. Brooks," which was an account of the New York Juvenile Asylum. *The Century* has never been known as a strictly literary magazine, but it contained several serious articles and a serial story by George Macdonald. It has been said that although the new magazine declared its Americanism, it had apparently been compelled to call upon the Scotchman for its first novel. The first installment of a three-part serial by Rebecca Harding Davis, a short story by I. I. Hays, and two short poems completed the contributed portion. "Topics of the Time," "Books and Authors Abroad," and "Books and Author at Home," made up the editorial department. The description was described as "colorless" and the verse as "less lugubrious than that of *Harper's* and less sentimental than that of *The Atlantic*."

In answer to a questionnaire, "What magazine do you read most carefully?" sent to four hundred and fifty leading book sellers in the United States by the Doubleday, Page and Co., the *International Book Review* reported that it received the most votes. The ten first magazines in order of their popularity are: *The Literary Digest*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *The Atlantic monthly*, *Saturday Review*, *Scribner's*, *World's Work*, *Harper's Century and Time*, with the *International Book Review* heading the list.

Speaking of the American magazine literature of which we are so proud, I am of course omitting mention of the inferior type of literature such as the "*Hot Dog*," "*Red Pepper*," "*Whiz Bang*" and others which, it is said, contain the "suggestiveness of French, and the coarseness and vulgarity which is entirely American." Societies such as the Watch and Ward Society and many others are attempting to do away with the scores of these and other lewd types of magazines that are being published and sold every day.

Today no education doubts the need of some magazines to make school subjects less dead and more attractive. The use of magazines in the class room for work in current events or oral composition has been encouraged for many years. Mr. Reginald Stevens Kimball, of the State Normal School, Worcester, Massachu-

setts, has written a very interesting article for the *English Journal*, in which he urges all schools to use the magazines more frequently in the libraries, to make students more familiar with the magazine of today, the current topics of the day and the popular authors. He declares that most students are so weighed down with heavy reading, such as the works of Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, and John Keats, that they come to dread reading, while if a few light articles from current magazines were used in between, it might help to keep the pupil's interest alive. Mr. Kimball originated and conducted a class in his school for magazine appreciation. A great number of students enrolled

and from the beginning a definite portion of each meeting was given to the study of magazine characteristics. The aims of various publishers and editors as given in their own magazines or in letters to the director of the group, were discussed and the articles analyzed to determine whether they really helped the aims to be realized. In this way the members of the class came to know pretty definitely what to expect from the different magazines. Copies were kept in the library for the students' use and thus the better type of magazine found its way into the home and others became acquainted with its worth.

Editorial

o o o

The Scepter is like the rod of Moses—for here in March it comes putting out a new bud, unwilling to be outdone by all the other new-born things around that are putting out buds, and thinking that a very good precedent has been set by that self-same Scriptural rod. No further can the comparison be taken for this March bud of *The Scepter* is a timid and modest, though exceedingly hopeful growth, and claims no comparison with things of age and dignity. It is more similar to the month of March itself, which is as a school-boy, at

once blustering and timid, arrogant and shy. The timidity of *The Scepter* is that it makes no great claims; its arrogance is that it *hopes* to, soon!

March is also a month of hope, and this little bud flourishes and grows on this airy substance, and so with hope as its food, and interest as its gardener, and cooperation as its soil it will send forth new shoots and finer blossoms until, indeed, it is a plant working for even the Queen's garden.

K. B. H.

"Ye Pioneers"

o o o

ELSIE MARGARET PARKER

o o o

66 **I**T was the forest primeval," this land in which Tina and Jan had settled, but it was a wonderful forest. The breeze perfumed dark deep-flowing Trent. On a bluff sloping sharply to where the waters lapped the shore and gnarled old cypress trees hung their festoons of Spanish moss over it, Jan built a home. A staunch cabin it was, hewn from the lordly pines, and the young people worked much to complete it before winter. When at the first touch of frost, they built a fire on the huge hearth, it indeed looked cozy enough to receive the couple—scarce more than girl and boy—into its keeping.

The curious red men came to see, and marvelled at the ways of the pale-faces. Jan, with impassive friendliness, won their confidence.

"How," he greeted.

"How," grunted the savage.

"I want the girl," said Jan, pointing to a girl standing half-frightened at the gate. He extended a handful

of gaudy trinkets and a hatchet or two.

Only a grunt.

"More," he said, holding both hands filled with long necklaces and toys. The Indian nodded a stolid assent, and the exchange was made. Jan led the trembling girl to his wife. The kindred bond of girlhood drew the heart of the untutored child of the forest to that of the little lady from over the sea, and Cateechee became Tina's devoted slave and friend.

With the snow came Baby Jan. The young mother thrilled with happiness when Cateechee laid him tenderly amid soft things spun and woven by Tina's loving hands. Laid him in a cradle fashioned by Jan from the rough pine wood.

At night the fire suffused the room with rosy warmth. The candle flickeringly played "peek-a-boo" with the baby's eyes; or the baby, sleeping now, was gently rocked by its mother. They chatted of the day's occupation, laughing gaily, and spoke with a touch of long-

ing of their distant home and friends. Sometimes they wrote to the home they had left behind, telling strange things of the forest, and of their life; of Baby Jan and of the many little things which make letters to dear ones worth having.

Cateechee was no longer a slave girl, but a friend. She was free to do as she wished, and it pleased her to stay with her friends. She would listen and wonder at the things of which Tina told her. It amazed her that these pale-faces preferred to stay in big houses, when the wind whispers through the trees telling strange tales of unknown peoples; when the stars, sparkling and glorious, call you out of doors. She longed to be again with her own people; to sit on the bluff and dream of her lover, the young leader of the braves. She loved her friends, she adored Baby Jan—but the forest called its daughter.

On May Day the town awoke with an excited start. The very air was electric with expectation. It was one of those days in early spring whose sky is such deep blue and earth deep green that the heart thrills and races with joy in being. Birds' throats swelled with their carol of praise, and Tina was singing, too.

A ship had dropped down the river in the night and the governor's council was called. They listened less from interest than from duty to the governor's address and then to matters of civil import from England. A man burst into the room.

"To arms! The savages are on the warpath! The settlers must be warned! I came from up state."

"Who will warn the settlers?" the governor asked.

Jan thought of his wife and child. Dared he leave them? The other men were needed on the fort. "I will go," he said. "Pray heaven to bring me home again!" He dashed to his boat and paddled home. "Jan, Jan!" Tina screamed at the sight of his white, set face. "What is it?"

"Oh, just the pesky Indians on the warpath. Nothing but a skirmish," he said, trying to laugh lightly.

Cateechee glided into the room. "Go quick! My people come to kill." Moving swiftly about she packed necessities for the stunned white woman. "Hurry! Quick! You must go. My people kill you, me, too, if they find!"

Jan and Cateechee put everything portable into the canoe, and with Tina and the child, Cateechee paddled to the opposite shore while the man rowed away on his mission of mercy. At every home along the banks he gave the alarm and the river was soon crowded with boats full of refugees. Farther up he met boats with bodies of dead and wounded. Such slaughter! His

heart quailed when he thought of what would happen if the savages got inside of the walls.

Within the fort was feverish activity. Women hurriedly procured material for surgical supplies. The big guns were manned and the guns of the ship were prepared for use. The walls were strengthened, and when no more boats appeared up the river, the gates were locked. They waited. Tina waited for Jan, but he did not come. Twilight, then dark, and only an ominous silence met the ear. Dawn came; with the first faint streaks of sunrise—Crack! A dusky head had appeared from behind a tree.

Then the howling, shrieking horde was upon them. Cannons boomed, cutting their ranks, but they rushed on. They swarmed with fiendish whoops upon the palisade, hurling blazing torches against the walls. The great ship's cannon roared, belching flames into their midst. Another roar, and another. They quailed. Cannon and rifle spit fire into them. They wavered, broke, fled.

Until noon the victors rested, and waited, caring for the wounded and tenderly removing the dead. They were not many, those dead, but the love and grief of the little colony was poured out for them. They were slain defending their homes.

Scouts reported that the Indians had gone, and thoughts turned to Jan. Why had he not come? A boat drifted by. Somebody pulled it ashore. They took a knife from the blood-stained bottom.

"It's Jans boat, and Jan's knife," said Tina mechanically. "They have killed my husband." Every vestige of color drained from her face, and her friends gently led her back to their home. "Jan, Jan," she moaned over and over, scarcely conscious, "Take me home. They tell me you are dead, Jan. O take me home."

"If them devilish varmints have killed Jan Mitchell I'll not rest 'till I have ten Indian scalps for his," exclaimed old Tom, the scout. He organized searching parties of nearly a dozen men each and sent them in all directions. He, himself, went over the river to the little three-room house, which he found untouched instead of finding the charred, smoking ruin he had expected.

"If that's safe, I reckon mebbe Jan might be, too," mused the old man, but the searchers straggled in, having found only ruined farms and hideously mutilated bodies, but no trace of Jan.

While his wife mourned him in an agony of despair, and his baby cooed happily, unmindful of the tragedy about him, Jan, slightly wounded, was dragged from his boat by infuriated savages and bound. This daring, fair-haired pale-face would furnish them more sport than

his instant death. He was determined that these red fiends should see that it was no matter to him what punishment they inflicted. Jan was as brave as they. They left him to be taken to the place of council fire at the headwaters of the Trent, that river to which the tribe had given its name. Through the heart of the forest the swift, hard march led them, and Jan, worn out by his wound and his desperate struggle, stumbled along. Sometimes he staggered with weariness, only to be jerked cruelly forward. A dozen plans of escape confused his mind as he trudged those weary miles. They were foolish, he knew, with those stalwart guards beside him, but he felt that his chances would be lost if they reached their destination. But how was he going to escape? At night they rested. They loosened his arms, numbed by their cramped position, only to tie them more tightly than before. They slept, but Jan writhed angrily at the bonds which held him prisoner. Pictures of his life passed before him. Tina's beautiful face haunted him, and fat, happy Baby Jan—"Were they dead?" he wondered, "Or had they been held for a slavery worse than death. It was impossible that they could be saved."

Another day of endless walking, then finally Council Bluff rose before them. They went through the group of wigwams to one near the center. The squaws gazed curiously at the white stranger, and Catechee realized, with a gasp of horror, that it was Jan, her friend. He glanced warningly at her as if to say, "You are my only hope. Be careful."

The men contemptuously pushed him into the wigwam and glided stolidly into the forest, leaving their women to guard.

After a while, a woman brought him food. She was afraid of him, and was not reluctant to yield her place to a young girl who called her. Catechee was a princess, and she commanded. She sent for water and soft strips of deerskin, then she bathed the poor,

wounded wrists, and bound them with the bandage. "Friend," she whispered, "Your Tina is safe. My people cannot take your town. Will you do as I command?"

"Yes," answered Jan, "I will."

"Tonight, then, a woman will guard you. I will bring you food, and give her that which will make her sleep. You must take the river and swim very far, then you must go on the other bank."

Hours passed, and Jan slept. Dusk fell, then dark. His watcher dozed and slept heavily. Then she came. "Catechee never forgets," she said, and cut the thongs which held him. "Take these and follow me." He thrust the knives into his belt and followed her cat-like steps to the river's edge. "Go quick!" she said. "My people must never know."

"Good bye, little friend! I'll never forget," he replied and dived silently into the water. His training as a woodsman stood him in good stead now. He swam far down the river, carried by the current, and then took the forest. He had nearly encountered a band of Indians, but he escaped unnoticed.

For several days after the attack it was deemed unsafe in the woods, and women and children were not allowed to go far from the town. Now, a week later, Tina was again in her own home, bravely trying to face life without Jan.

It was a quiet, breathless morning, so like the one on which she had seen her husband row away, that she felt anything might happen. The breeze stirred the curtains at the open window. The baby roused fretfully and she leaned over the little home-made cradle. The mysterious sense of a presence near her made her turn—Was it an apparition, that pale, bedragled figure?

"Tina," reassuringly—"My little wife! Thank God you are safe!" he cried and crushed her close to his heart.



Travelers

o o o

HELEN BLAKE ROSSER

o o o

They travel on with a steady tread—
With eyes set firm on things ahead.
There are no tears in the Land of Light,
For they travel where the road runs right.

They reach, in time, the end of the way.
In time they face the reckoning day;
They face the Father, the Master Judge.
Ah! then do they harbor graceless grudge?

When I begin the acute ascent to God—
As I must when I trod where they trod,
I pray for faith and light and love
That I may please my Prince above.

And when I've halted before the throne,
May my pattern be not my own.
May the Master's hand, along with mine
Have wrought a work that's all divine.

A young Southern girl said to a woman of eighty, who still attracted all in spite of her snowy hair: "Tell me the secret of your charm, and teach me to fascinate people as you do."

"My child," was the gentle response, "remember just this: In the alphabet of charm there is no such letter as I; it is all you."—The Girl's Companion.

The professor of astronomy had shown his fair visitor all through the observa-

tory, and explained the work in minute detail.

"I can understand how a new star might be discovered," she remarked sweetly, "but how do you clever people ever find out its name?"—Capper's Weekly.

Mrs. Youngwife—"I want a nice ham, please."

Shopman—"Yes, ma'am; I can strongly recommend this one; it's well cured."

Mrs. Youngwife (in alarm)—"Oh,

don't give me one that has had anything the matter with it, even if it is cured now! Let me have a perfectly healthy one, please!"—Ex.

A Chinaman was visiting Yellowstone National Park in winter. He had walked for some miles along a mountain walk covered with snow. Looking back over his shoulder, he saw a bear sniffing at his tracks and rapidly gaining on him.

With a shrill yell, he began to run.

"You likee my tracks? I makee you some more."—Selected.

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Sketch

o o o

AGNES BINGHAM

o o o

I WAS sitting in the bus station very begrudgingly waiting for my bus, and bemoaning my fate. To find yourself, with a half an hour wait before your departure, is rather discouraging.

And then a door opened. Three boys, ranging from about seven to nine, I would judge, entered. They were all dressed alike, in overalls, black and green lumber jackets, caps, and heavy shoes. Each one carried a rather antique stringed instrument of some kind. They circled the room and sat down in a corner. Then they began to play.

Their music was not beautiful. It was rather a jumble of notes. Occasionally, one could recognize a famil-

iar refrain. Mostly it was loud jazz. And yet the room was quiet except for their playing.

One of the boys took off his cap and went around the room. Almost everyone in the room gave something—a dime, a nickel, a quarter. The boys smiled a “thank you,” the oldest one pocketed the money, and they continued to play.

My bus was called—I could hardly hear the announcer above their noise. And so I left those three kids who should have been out playing ball or some such game. Instead they were playing in a crowded bus terminal, earning a few pennies.

And I had been fussing about an half-hour wait.

Myself and I

o o o

Just as sure as flows the river,
Just as sure as rain is silver,
There are two of me.

One loves a red-bound book,
A crackling fire, a nook
So bright with pillars,
Secluded and warm.

Geraniums and sunshine,
Dear to that heart of mine.
A jar of jam, and tea
In egg-shell china.

All these things the one me loves,
Dresden china, tea with cloves,
Homeliness and kindliness—
But the other me *cries for the hills!*

Cries to run and dance barefooted
Where the wild flowers deep are rooted,
Where the waterfalls are dashed
To feathery foam.

Bask in sweet and ferny pools
That the shadows have kept cool,
Midst the spider's silver webs
Lie entangled in fancy.

All these things the one me loves,
Dresden china, tea with cloves,
Homeliness and kindliness—
But the other me *cries for the hills!*

K. B. H.

April

o o o

A little girl in blue and white,
Tripping, tripping, tripping;
A fuzzy worm at a flower
Nipping, nipping, nipping.

A little baby in the sun,
Crying, crying, crying;
A lover sitting at the window
Sighing, sighing, sighing.

K. B. H.

Heartbreak

o o o

I met you on the street today,
And passed along
As if your face had not been haunting me
So long.

My heart that you once broke—in vain
Might cry—
My lips were cold, and could not speak
As you passed by.

M. T. B.

The Lowrie Band

o o o

CORNELIA McLAUGHLIN

o o o

JAMES LOWRIE, a tall, fine-looking Indian, settled in Robeson County, one of the eastern counties of North Carolina, about the year 1769. He settled on the edge of a dark and forbidding swamp, which is now called Lowrie swamp in his honor. Here he farmed in a small way and kept a tavern during the Revolutionary War.

This James Lowrie, from whom all the Lowries in Robeson descended, came originally from Virginia. His father was made a judge in that state when it became one of the United States. He was of Cavalier stock and characterized by elegance and refinement of manners. James Lowrie married a half-breed Tuscarora Indian woman, and from this couple all the Lowries in Robeson trace their origin.

James Lowrie had three sons, William, Thomas and James, and at the commencement of the Revolutionary War, William, who was about grown, entered the struggle for independence and made a good soldier, fighting side by side with the whites. The other two sons were too young to enter the service.

Soon after the close of the war the Tories became so prejudiced against Lowrie that he left Lowrie Swamp and moved down on Downing Creek, which part of the country was later known as Scuffle-town. This name was given probably because of the many brawls and scuffles that were continually taking place. It was also a scuffle to live on such unproductive land. In summer a luxuriant undergrowth covered the swamps and low places, and in winter the streams are full of water and more extensive. This made farming very hard and practically none was done.

After the death of James Lowrie, his son William married Bettie Locklayer, a half-breed Indian. Thomas,

the second son, married Nancy Deas, a white woman. James, the other son, never married. Allen Lowrie, who was a sort of chief in his community, married Pollie Cumba, a woman of Portuguese descent. He raised a large family of sons and daughters, and it is with four of his sons—William, Steve, Thomas and Henry Berry, that this story is concerned. His other sons are supposed to have had no connection with the awful robberies and murders in which these four engaged.

When the authorities attempted to put the eligible Croatans in the army, many of them rebelled and fled to the swamps; and among these were some of the sons of Lowrie. During this time of unrest, Brant Harris, a bluff, swaggering fellow who was the terror of the poor wretches of Scuffle-town, was shot. His death was attributed to one of the Lowrie brothers, and this aroused a great deal of feeling against the Lowrie family. However, apparently the Lowries did the county a good turn when they ridded it of Harris. Another death followed which was attributed to this same family. This made the people realize that their swamps were inhabited by a band of outlaws. Henry Berry always took the lead in the raids conducted by this band.

At this period an execution had been levied on old Allen Lowrie and his son Bill. Bill had probably had association with that part of the family which had fled to the swamps, but there is poor testimony that old Allen had anything to do with the swamp outlaws in a business way. William, who now owned the home in which the mother and father lived, was very unpopular with the white. The people of Robeson County, enraged over certain of his acts, turned upon his old father and the helpless part of his family.

They little knew what a demon they were to arouse in the boy, Henry Berry, who resided in the swamp, and whose motto was, "Blood for blood."

They resolved that the Lowries were in sympathy with the Yankees, that the blood of Barnes was unaccounted for, and that it was necessary to make an example of somebody in Scuffle-town to teach them that the end of slavery was not yet the colored man's triumph. Brutal ill will and cruelty were at the bottom of this movement.

A group of men, about twenty in number, marched upon old Allen Lowrie's cabin and dragged out the old man and his wife, and two of the sons found on the place. They were carried off to a safe nook and examined. The negroes said that they made the condemned people of the family dig their own graves.

The men stood Allen Lowrie up beside his son, both of them bravely enduring the ordeal, and by the light of blazing torches, shot them to death. The mother and other brother escaped.

From a thicket near at hand Henry Berry saw the shot fired which laid his brother and father bleeding to the ground. As soon as the executors had gone he gave a long low whistle, imitating the notes of the owl, and a like answer came from the swamp; his three brothers and a few other men came stealing through the bushes. Henry Berry showed them the newly dug graves, not yet covered over. Here they swore eternal vengeance against the perpetrators of the act. Two of the supposed enemies of the county had been removed only to give place to a pack of avenging demons in the persons of the old man's sons and their outlawed friends.

Henry Berry, leader of this band, was considered a very handsome Croatan. It is said that he carried five six-barreled revolvers in a belt about his waist, and in addition to these weapons he carried a long-bladed knife. With all his armor on he could run, swim, stand weeks of exposure in the swamps, walk day and night and take sleep by little snatches. He was truly the Don Juan.

Besides Henry Berry and his brothers there were seven other men connected with the band. From the night that they looked upon the grave of Allen Lowrie, this notorious band became more and more a menace to the country. They would remain in the swamps during most of the day and sally forth on their raids at night. Many times though they were known to have shot men in broad-open daylight.

When Henry Berry was twenty years old he married Rhoda Strong, his cousin. She was called the Queen of Scuffle-town. The day of his wedding a posse of

men arrested him as the murderer of Barnes and carried him to the jail in Lumberton. He escaped with handcuffs on and made his way back to his wife in Scuffle-town. Later he was again placed in jail. This time also he made his escape, and from that day on he led the life of a haunted man, robber and murderer; killing sometimes for plunder, revenge, and sometimes for defense.

Towards the authorities of the county Henry Berry Lowrie showed the utmost insolence. This is shown by the following incident: When the sheriff of the county arrested Rhoda Lowrie, the entire robber band went to a white man who lived near, and Henry Berry told him to hitch up and go to Lumberton and tell the sheriff that he had put his wife in jail because he thought he would visit her and in this way the authorities could capture him, that if his wife was not free in twenty-four hours he would retaliate on the women of that township by carrying them into the swamps and starving them to death.

The swamp referred to was the Back Swamp in which the outlaw band had their secret camp and on the banks of which Henry Berry had built a log cabin for his wife to live in. This cabin had a trap door in the floor, leading into a underground passage that ended in the swamp nearby, through which the robber chief many times made his escape when surprised by pursuers.

As yet no member of the band had been killed. Large rewards were offered for their capture. As time went on the outlaws became more bold, especially their chief. They ransacked the homes of some of the leading men of the community and so cunning were they that they escaped to their swampy retreats unharmed. Although they entered many homes, they were never known to harm women and children in any way.

Many papers sent correspondents to Scuffle-town to get stories of the Lowrie Band (as it soon came to be called) and they reported that they were treated with courtesy and friendliness after the outlaws found out what they desired.

No crime committed by the Lowrie Band presents such dark features as the killing of Sanders, a detective from Boston. Sanders was one of the several men who sought to obtain the large reward offered for these outlaws. Aware that the band was anxious to leave the swamps and get safely out of the United States to Mexico, he proposed to show them the way, having planned beforehand to have them arrested on the way.

To bind them to his confidence Sanders organized Masonic lodges in Scuffle-town and also taught school.

This man, however, was a careless talker and informed many people of his object. On the night when the outlaws had their wagons packed and were ready to leave, Henry Berry learned of Sanders' deceit, and the whole band marched him to a secret place in Back Swamp and proceeded to kill him by slow degrees. They fired shots over his head, bruised him with clubs, and finally gave him doses of arsenic and opened his veins with a pen-knife. For three days these wretches surrounded their white victim, their dull blue eyes calmly enjoying his agonies.

Seldom is a more awful picture presented than this man, guarded in the wild swamps of Carolina, yet almost within sound of Christian homes.

Before he died Sanders was allowed to write a letter to his wife which was posted by the Lowries.

On the third day the outlaws told him his time had come, and after allowing him to pray they placed him against a tree and riddled his body with shot.

After this affair, somehow luck seemed to be against the band. One by one they were captured and shot until only Steve and Henry Berry remained. Some of them were tried and others were shot outright.

Steve and Henry Berry were not so bold now. They would remain in the swamps until their desire to see their old mother or their wives persuaded them to steal home.

Steve Lowrie's love for whiskey caused his death. He ventured from his hiding place to buy some whiskey from a wagon that had stopped on the edge of Back Swamp. He drank a great deal and sat down on the ground, leaning against the wagon wheel. Some officers who were on the outskirts of the swamp recognized Steve and slipped up near the wagon. Presently he pulled a mouth harp from his pocket and began to play. As he did one of the officers shot and he fell over on his face—dead.

Henry Berry was now the remaining survivor of the band. After Steve's death no one is known to have seen him until the night that he was killed.

One night about 7:00 o'clock a man who lived near the swamp was making his way to the nearest store. As he skirted the swamp he saw a figure emerge from its blackness. He went on to the store and told the men to get their rifles and watch Henry Berry's house because he thought the outlaw's homesickness had overcome his fear and that he was making his wife and mother a visit. The men proceeded to a spot near the Lowrie home. They crept up behind the house and were so near they could hear the conversation going on in the cabin. Old Cumba, Henry Berry's mother, Rhoda and his sister were seated around the fire. Henry Berry was leaning against the chimney. All three of the women had a worried expression; they seemed to sense the danger that was ahead. Cumba told her daughter to bring Henry Berry's banjo and she asked him to play. He sat down and began to pick it slowly, unaware, as was Steve, that he was playing a prelude to death. As he looked up from the banjo, one of the men who had slipped around to the front of the cabin and was looking through the cot hole, shot him. The "Last of the Lowries" died almost instantly.

Thus perished one of, if not the greatest, scourge the South has ever known from an inferior race. The price offered for his capture was ten thousand dollars—a large reward. And why shouldn't it have been large? Henry Berry Lowrie, the robber chief, made a personal and bloody campaign against society, longer than the whole Revolutionary War; refusing to trust any, not even of his own color, except those who like himself had shed innocent blood and put themselves out of the path of society. His soul left this world stained with murders and robberies, and without defenders.

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